



An excellent new Play-House Song;
called, the bonny Gray-ey'd
Morn;

O R,

Jockie rouz'd with Love.

To an excellent new Tune.

THe bonny Gray-ey'd Morn began for to peep
when Jockie rouz'd with Love came blithly
And I who wishing lay depriv'd of Sleep, (on;
abhor'd the lazy Hours that slow did run.
But meikle were my Joy's whe in my View
I from the VWindow spy'd my only Dear:
I took the VVings of Love and to him flew,
for I had fancy'd all my Heaven was there.

Upon my Bosom Jockie laid his Head,
and sighing told me pretty Tales of Love
My yielding Heart, at every VVord he said,
did flutter up and down, and strangely move:
He sighing, kiss'd my hand, and vow'd and swore,
that I had o'er his Heart a Conquest gain'd.
Then blushing beg'd, that I would grant him
which he alas! too soon, too soon obtain'd. (more

Nor that I do repent, I did comply;
but this I needs must own, my yielding Heart
VVas quickly overcome by Jockie's Eye,
which gave a deeper VVound than Cupids dart,
His Cheeks were Cherry red, his Lips the same,
his Tongue so many Charms could still express:
That every word he said did raise new Flames,
and kindled, kindled Fire in my Breast.

My Jockie does a thousand VVays beside,
express him self in tender Love to me:
VVith Arms about my VVaste, he sighing cry'd,
oh give me thy Consent or I must die,
Then with a gentle Kiss doth beg again,
that his poor wounded Heart I would but cure,
Nor thinking that I felt his Love-sick Pain,
for alas! 'twas his, 'twas his before.

And now! I could no longer hide my Pain,
but let my dearest Jockie know my Heart.
Oh, how he hugg'd me in his Arms again!
and ev'ry Kiss he gave did ease my Smart;
Then vowing o'er and o'er betwixt each Kiss,
he constant would remain while Life did last;
Now tell me Lovers; where's the Hurt of this,
for to enjoy, when that the Knot's ty'd fast?

F I N I S.